Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, May 9, 1918 Number 10

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

HYMN

Lord, by whose love our lives increase,
Beneath whose care we dwell in peace,
From whose abundance we are fed,
By whose care we are shepherded,—

We praise the love whose sacred tie
Hath joined us in one family;
We praise Thee for the crowning good
Thou dost reveal in fatherhood.

Watch o'er us now when dubious days
Lead forth our feet in unknown ways,
And through all peril, toil and pain,
Bring safely to our homes again.

God of our home! We trust thy power
To guard us in the evil hour;
And let us from our fears be free,
Since all we love are safe with Thee.

—*Washington Gladden*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXI. THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1918. NUMBER 10

APRIL'S COMING.

Bleak was earth for many a day:
Snows of tempest whirled and whirled:
Now the flowers are on the way:
April's coming down the world!

Joy went by with broken wing:
All the leaves were dead and curled:
Now the dreams begin to sing:
April's coming down the world!

And when golden days depart,
And the earth is winter-furled—
Still if Love is in the heart,
April's coming down the world!

In the Nautilus. —*Edwin Markham.*

The "Middle States Unitarian Conference" had its recent meeting in Montclair, N. J., at which a committee was appointed to confer regarding the feasibility of discontinuing the present organization. This is evidently groping towards a larger synthesis and an expanding life that cannot make effective an assumed geographical boundary. What are the "middle states" anyhow? Nebraska comes nearer the middle of the Federal Union than Pennsylvania.

David Starr Jordan, in the *Public* for May 4, in an article entitled "Freedom in War Time," reminds his readers of Lord Courtney's saying that "wartime is the opportunity of fools," and says further that "if every foolish word in wartime were punished we should have to recall our armies, we should all be in jail at home. . . . Discord cannot be put down by fines and imprisonment. It is disarmed by frankness, friendship and conciliation, and only through these can we find the final victory in this war, a democratic peace."

Songs of hate unfortunately are not limited to one nation. Our "religious exchanges" reek with battle poetry. The clean face of our neighbor, *The Congregationalist,* is stained with language scarcely fit for a prayer meeting in a song to the "Motherland," arranged to sing to the bewitching tune of "Maryland! My Maryland!" It talks of "the tyrant's curse" and of "letting loose the Eagle of Might to fling the vulture brood to flight." Must war equipments necessitate violent speech and lurid rhetoric as well as armor plate and loaded bombs. Sometimes these gas bombs of speech go farther and hurt worse than anything that can be thrown out of a cannon's mouth.

One false step at the parting of the ways may lead the traveler far away from the goal he seeks! A word unwisely spoken may put the right party in the wrong. Another effort to bring peace between the warring nations on the part of the Pope at Rome is promised us by the newspapers, and it behooves the civilized world, particularly those who affect the name "Christian," not to disdain so noble an effort. The Pope may yet be found at the head of a mighty Pontificate that will lead a Christianized host, massed under the banners of Love, against the barbaric hordes who wave blood-stained swords. Once more it may be within the power of the head of the great Catholic Church to prove the conquering power of the Cross.

The Greenville, South Carolina, *News,* speaking editorially, as quoted in the *Crisis,* says, "The colored men in olive drab at the soldier's parade were viewed by packed throngs and there was no manifestation of ill will towards them. Their conduct has been excellent. Incidentally it was learned that they are the best singers in camp, as is to be expected, for the race has been a singing one for ages. The quietness and good order of these soldiers is very noticeable. It is easy to believe that they are making good soldiers and that they will make good fighters when they get to the firing line." When the colored soldiers have thus won the respect of the white children of those who owned their parents, they have accomplished a victory more noble and far reaching than anything that they may win in trenches or in the charge. They may make a noble record in killing Germans, but a more notable record is made when they have accomplished the more difficult and heroic thing, that of killing the prejudices of their white neighbors and thus winning their right to an honorable place in the records of American citizenship.

The Sixty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference is to convene next week, May 14, 15, at Dayton, Ohio. It will offer, as might be expected, a war program. Rev. Charles E. Snyder of Sioux City, Iowa, will talk on "Our Project as Revealed by the War"; Rev. Curtis W. Reese, Des Moines, Iowa, will speak on "Plans for Effective Mobilization of Our Forces"; Mr. Arthur E. Morgan of Dayton will speak on "Education and Democracy," and Rev. Eugene R. Shippen, Detroit, on "Religion

and Democracy." "Some Influences of the War" will be discussed; "The Influence of the War on the Concept of God," by Rev. Newton Ben Knapp of Davenport, Iowa, and "The Influence of the War on Denominationalism and on Recruiting the Ministry" by Rev. Minot O. Simons of Cleveland. Reverends Rihbany of Boston and Crothers of Cambridge will speak on "Free Christianity" respectively, "As a Personal Faith" and "Its Relation to the New World Order." Free lodging and breakfast is extended to all delegates. This year the Conference swings back to its extreme eastern boundaries, and it suggests the time when Buffalo, Cincinnati and Louisville were the extreme western outposts of Unitarianism in America. There will be a refreshing session doubtless.

The Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association at its April meeting seem to have gone a step farther in the way of pulpit dictation than any other denominational organization that we have noticed. In a resolution that seems to have unanimously passed, it declared that "any society which employs a minister who is not a willing, earnest and outspoken supporter of the United States in the vigorous and resolute prosecution of the war cannot be considered eligible for aid from the Association." The Unitarians particularly boast that they carry the congregational polity to its logical conclusion and that each congregation decides its own policy and chooses its own minister, and the American Unitarian Association throughout all these years has disclaimed any disposition to interfere with this congregationalism. The Association resists the implication that it assumes to legislate creeds, either theological, economic or political. We do not deny the right of the Board to direct its own affairs and to decide upon its appropriations, but we humbly suggest that the Unitarianism they thus would presume to speak for is not necessarily co-extensive with the great spiritual movement of which Channing is one of the great prophets and in whose leadership the American Unitarian Association boasts. If that greatest of American "pacifists" was alive today he would find himself now, as he lived, denied the confidence of his Boston neighbors on the greatest question of the age. There are those who today rejoice in the prophetic traditions of Unitarianism, who are loyal to the democracy of the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation, but who by virtue of this very loyalty believe that war is a relic of barbarism and that the great triumphs of democracy in the future as in the past are not to be found on blood-stained battlefields, but in the council chambers of the noble army, devout believers in the God of Love and the Universal Brotherhood of Man. The American Unitarian Association, by this last legislation, has confirmed its belligerency and has taken its place among the war powers. But that will pass, and the Unitarianism that escapes the control of "directors" will be found among the great democratizing forces of modern times. Democracy is ever the child of reason and love, not of hate and violence. The prosecution of this horrible war to the bitter end of a field victory may or may not be an aid to democracy, but certainly many patriots who are loyal to the flag, many Christians who love the gospel of the Nazarene and many Unitarians who thrill to the message of Channing, Parker and Martineau, believe that there is a better way than the way of war by which order can be brought out of this horrible confusion, in which the boasted "powers" of civilization find themselves involved.

The Women of America in Council

While we write a great conclave of women is in session at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Looked at from any point of view it is a notable gathering. Geographically the women have come from the two oceans, from Lakes to Gulf; Massachusetts and California, Minnesota and Texas meet for a talk fest, a thought fest, a love feast in Arkansas. Think of it!

Intellectually, so far as specific women's organizations are concerned, it is fair to presume that the United States has been creamed for this assembly. Women's clubs exercise a high degree of vigilance as to membership. Investigating committees, a hidden search for records and a secret ballot are applied to the candidate before membership is attained. Presumably, then, a large amount of brains is here gathered.

Not only brains, but efficiency! Women's clubs of the United States are busy organizations. A vast amount of pioneer work is done by them. They are professional videttes on the picket line of progress, and a large number of those who secured delegate privileges at this federation are already famous leaders on many lines. They carry names familiar in the annals of reform.

Doubtless this company, judged by previous meetings, is a "stylish crowd." "It takes money to be the president of a woman's club nowadays," was the dictum of an active club worker overheard by the writer the other day. "The Saratoga Trunk Special" connected with these national gatherings has been the humor and almost the scandal of these meetings. If the current newspapers report correctly the promised "plain dress program" is scarcely being carried out in the Arkansas meeting. We read that those who took this program of plainness on its face value and "took only a few things along" were panic-stricken over the meagerness of their wardrobe and the feminine re-

sources of the little town were soon exhausted in their search for "something to wear."

The reporters say that the policy of the administration was against any radical reform in dress as a war measure because that would *disturb trade and throw many people out of employment.* Shades of Ruskin and Tolstoy! That these progressive students in economics should harbor for a moment this archaic political economy that belongs to aristocracy, resting on a wealthy *class* negotiating life's blessings with a laboring *class,* is hardly believable. The very same argument is being applied these days by the desperate lords of breweries and distilleries. The benevolent saloon-keepers who are putting bread into the mouths and clothes on the backs of barkeepers' families are begging for mercy at the hands of a nation that begins to say that all waste that does not contribute to good sense, thrift and industrial justice is not only uneconomic but unrighteousness.

Notwithstanding the humiliating compromise between science and "fashion," between art and "styles" and health requirements and the "all-do-it-don't-you-know" justifications, there is much to be expected from this meeting at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

The women are nothing in their corporate life if they are not initiative. It is their well founded boast that they start things and is a high mission. We hope though that it will not always be a reproach that many a good thing started by woman has been too often abandoned and allowed to die from neglect.

We await fuller report of this meeting before we attempt to enumerate the worthy causes espoused, the heroic positions taken and the real reforms championed.

What are the women down in Arkansas this week doing for the suffrage cause, for the prohibition movement, for the peace question? What is their attitude towards universal military training in a democracy, the militarizing of our schools, the suspension of the gospel of the Cross for the time being in the interest of the gospel of the sword? What are they doing to stem the barbarism at home, the horrible lynchings of men in whose skin is left only a shade of color, so full are their veins of white men's blood? What are they doing to calm the hysteria of hatred against the very words and deathless contributions to civilization that belong to Germany and the Germans? What is their attitude towards the vandalism that will dismantle streets of their accumulated associations, mar the map and mutilate the postal directory in the interest of a cheap "patriotism" that is afraid of history and is willing to remove landmarks as a military expediency?

Whatever the details of the record may be and however far below the prophetic standards of individual minds and the power of illuminated personalities they may fall, it is safe to say that the high water mark of the co-operative life of the United States, the noblest corporate expression of social ethics and the noblest "Resolutions" in the interest of things most needed in country, village, town and metropolis, in home, school and church, have found expression at this Biennial Federation of Women's Clubs now in session mid the foothills of the Ozarks in Arkansas.

Poetry and the Great War

Poetry is one expression of life. War is another. One is the expression of order. The other of chaos. One is the expression of love and life and laughter. The other of hate and death and loss.

These great forces—these expressions of man's struggle with ideal and fact—are directly opposed one to the other. They touch hands, it is true, in a certain neutral field, and one may be the cause of the effect of the other.

War is the negation of most of the fine things that poetry means. War is a throwing back, a denial of the great spiritual forces which inspire the best poetry. War is disorder personified. Poetry is a slower growth,—and a more enduring one.

* Napoleon, the greatest of war makers, knew the relative values of his trade and Dante's art. "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes their laws," he said.

War has ever been a theme for poets. But now that the greatest of wars is upon us we are more and more discarding armed strife as a worthy subject.

The Greeks sang of war and the great Roman and Latin poets; in fact theirs is the only enduring record of the great Classic era. But the war they sang of was a mere wrestling match compared with the war we know. They sang of war of men, of tribes, of clans. The new war is a war of machines. Who can sing, who can glorify, such strife as this?

This is a war of engines and positions. We do not say there are no Bayards in the present war. We do not say that no great heroic deeds are done, that nobleness of aim and purpose is absent from this great emergency. We only say,—and in this all current poetry bears us out,—we only say that we cannot *sing* the career of a murderous tank or the flight of a 45-centimeter shell.

We cannot sing the hideous ravages of fever and disease, the sordid drama of hospital life. We cannot sing about broken and crippled martyrs. We cannot sing of ruined countrysides, of pillaged cities, of

*UNITY doubts the accuracy of assigning this saying to Napoleon. We have been in the habit of ascribing the same to Andrew Fletcher of Scotland (1653-1716), but the author thinks the above citation is justified. Who will settle the dispute?—EDITOR.

wrecked cathedrals, of nations held in conqueror's chain, of scattered social life, of devastated homes.

We cannot make poetry of this. For poetry is written song, the most delicate and fragile of the arts. And we cannot sing of things we hate. We cannot sing lies. We cannot sing conquest. We cannot sing intolerance and despair. Belgium may be the theme for a great tragedy. But it is not the theme for a great song. All we can do is to sing *against* these things. We can sing right and truth and justice. We can sing the demand of the world peoples for peace.

But do not think the poet has failed the race in its hour of great distress. Oh, no; the singers have stood firm. They have refused to be discouraged. Their flag still flies. Their promise to mankind endures. Some of our poets have gone into your armies. Some have fought alone. Theirs is the braver fight. But where we have lifted pen in defense of either side we have acted only with love in heart, never with hate. The wonderful thing about love is that it is eternal. Time has no threat against love. And this fine immortality poetry shares with love. Song endures forever. The singer passes but the song remains.

When I was a little boy an old man whom I very greatly respected walked with me by the side of a stream one day. He was a wise old man. Suddenly he stooped and picked up a pebble from the path. "Watch!" he cried, and flung the little stone far into the stream. I assure you it was only a very small stone, but the ripples caused on the surface of the water came back to the shore in great wide, ever-growing circles. "It is so," he said, "with a good deed. Long after the ripples are lost to human sight they still go on. On both sides of life they make their influence felt."

I think it is so, too, with poetry. Every word of love and faith and tolerance cast into the sea of world trouble today will have its effect on the soul of man like balm to our wounds. Some time ago I had an interview with the noted violinist, Fritz Kreisler. Mr. Kreisler is an international socialist. His brother has been imprisoned four times for speaking against the war on the streets of Vienna. Mr. Kreisler himself is equally hated in his own and this country. But he said: "Song will save the world. Song will bind up the wounds of mankind. Song will make us free." I think he is right.

I shall not care though hot winds smother me,
Though stars go out, though might rule in the world,
Though wars go up and down the earth on steeds of flame,
I shall not be afraid while yet a single human heart
Still holds some single vestige in its depths
Of some great near-divine forgiveness for all men,
Of some sweet understanding love e'en of the faults of kings.

I shall not weep to see the castles fall that we have built,
To see the flower die in the bud, the sky grow chill
With winter on a day when we had hoped for spring,
To know the singer's harp is still that once was tuned
To godlike voice, for I shall see them resurrected from the dead
And freed again as in the fair, dim long ago:
All this and more if but one heart is true!

After the war is over I hope to see a new renaissance of life.

Some of us have seen, I am sure, a bit of country side over which a forest fire has swept. Grey ashes over everything. Desolation everywhere. But it is not long before the first green blades of grass appear through the burnt sod and the rehabilitation of the whole scarred district is begun. So I hope it will be with Europe, with America, after the close of this dreadful strife.

I look forward to a new renaissance. I hope we will have an era of new art, new song and new life. I hope for such a period as that in Greece after the Persian wars. I hope for a new birth of freedom, of international harmony, of love and culture, of a vigorous revision of life values, of the casting off of fetters, of the letting free of little children, of the restitution of the right and dignity of labor, of a new justice among all men.

This will be the new revolution. The old civilization has been cast down. The new must be a better, a nobler, structure. It must be built on the rock of truth. And no one must evade his share in the work we have to do.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

A GIRL'S SONG.

The Meuse and Marne have little waves;
The slender poplars o'er them lean.
One day they will forget the graves
That give the grass its living green.

Some brown French girl the rose will wear
That springs above his comely head;
Will twine it in her russet hair,
Nor wonder why it is so red.

His blood is in the rose's veins,
His hair is in the yellow corn:
My grief is in the weeping rains
And in the keening wind forlorn.

Flow softly, softly, Marne and Meuse;
Tread lightly, all ye browsing sheep;
Fall tenderly, O silver dews,
For here my dear Love lies asleep.

The earth is on his sealed eyes,
The beauty marred that was my pride;
Would I were lying where he lies,
And sleeping sweetly by his side!

The spring will come by Meuse and Marne,
The birds be blithesome in the tree.
I heap the stones to make his cairn
Where many sleep as sound as he.

—*Katherine Tynan Hinkson.*

"What could be more sad than a man without a country?" asked the patriotic speaker, feelingly.

"A country without a man," responded a woman in the audience.

After Seventy Years—An Optimist

A recent issue of UNITY announced that the Free Religious Association of Boston would take note of the 70th birthday of Rev. George W. Cooke. This seems to have been an occasion of cheer and satisfaction. Some twenty-five ministers and many other friends, old and new, were present either in person or by letter. Addresses were made by Rev. G. G. Mills, Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, Rev. Florence Buck, Charles C. Ramsay, a Boston lawyer, and others. Letters were read from Messrs. Gannett, Dole, Wendte, Holmes, Zueblin and Rev. Mary L. Leggett. John Orth played on the piano a selection from his old master, Liszt, a composition of his own, and some tangible evidences of good fellowship were offered. But the most significant thing of the occasion was the address by Mr. Cooke himself. He confessed that at thirty-five he was something of a pessimist, but when life was doubled the short range pessimism loomed up into a long range optimism. We are glad to make room for the address which shows the ripened conclusion of a life conspicuous in its devotion to thought. For Mr. Cooke has been a most diligent student and a careful scholar through all these years.—EDITOR.

When I reached my thirty-fifth birthday I preached a sermon on the middle term of life, and on how the world presented itself to one at that age. My congregation decided that sermon was very pessimistic, and apparently did not find much satisfaction in it. Now that I have lived thirty-five more years, and know far more about the world than I did then, and much more of its disappointments, miseries and defects, I may confess to having become very much of an optimist, and to indulging in great expectations with regard to the future of humanity.

Never in the history of the world, perhaps, has the immediate outlook for mankind seemed darker than it is at this moment. The whole world is torn up with war, with millions lying dead on the fields of Europe, other millions crippled and maimed beyond recovery, with several nations on the borders of bankruptcy, with industries and economic interests broken down, and seemingly in a condition hopeless of recovery at any near period; and yet I cannot put aside the conviction that the world was never in a more promising condition as to the future than it is at this moment.

This promising outlook arises from nothing immediately connected with the war itself. I cannot convince myself that war is necessary or that in itself it brings the world any good whatever. All the arguments for universal military training, for preparedness with reference to some possible war with some at present unknown or only suspected enemy, and that war keeps men virile and robust, seems to me wide of the mark, and utterly untrue. Some knowledge of the world's history, and of what war has accomplished in all ages, and under all the conditions of civilization, leads me to the conclusion that war in itself brings no permanent good. The one good that I have been able to discern in the wars of the past is, that they have mixed races, cultures, and civilizations.

Nevertheless, I am convinced that some great advantages to mankind will result from the war which is now proceeding in Europe. As a result of its world-wide influence, of its domination of all human interests at the present time, it is breaking up old ideas, it is throwing down established customs and beliefs, it is compelling the resort to new methods, and the discarding of much that was once regarded as fixed and eternal. Never before has mankind come so completely to a turn in the course of its advance or been prepared so completely for the entering of new methods of activity and for the acceptance of fresh ideas.

Under conditions of the utmost stress and trial the old methods and ideas have utterly failed. The claim that when the war is over we shall go back at once to individualism, competition and *laissez faire* is not likely to be realized. It is impossible to suppose that if these principles are not equal to the demands of war-time that they can be good for peace-time. New ideas and a new spirit have been developing for more than a century, and now we are ready for their acceptance, and their application to immediate problems. We may rightly assume that the taking over of many great industrial and economic interests in behalf of the nation, or, if you will, in behalf of the whole body of the people, is of such fundamental importance for all times and situations that we are by no means likely to go back to the pre-war conditions.

In other respects remarkable changes are coming about. The old domination of woman by man, which has continued for many centuries, is coming to an end. The war has shown women that they can fill all places filled by men, and it is quite certain that they will not go back to the home, children and church conception of their place in the life of humanity. The ending of this age-old autocratic spirit has been preparing for a century, but the conditions developed by the war are bringing it along very rapidly towards its final elimination from the world's dominations.

The domination of the employer over the employed, whether as slave or wage-earner, or of capitalism over labor, is also being brought rapidly towards its ending. The world cannot go on half-slave and half-free, said Abraham Lincoln; and we can say today that it cannot go on half-toilers and half-manipulators of toil. The day of co-operation, profit-sharing, socialization of labor, and federation of human effort has come, and will grow steadily year by year, and century by century. All wealth is result of social creation, and all wealth must be used to further the social welfare. The massing of wealth in a few hands cannot be for the advantage of mankind in the future, and we are prepared for the great change which will eliminate the domination of the many by the few.

Nothing seems more unworthy of recognition today than the theory of the Super-man or more futile than the claim of some of the eugenists that the great need of mankind is the breeding of superior leaders. In an hour when the cry of the world is for democracy, the giving of opportunity to the weakest men and the weakest nations, these claims in regard to those who are superior are quite unworthy of the recognition they have received in recent years. This war is showing us that capable men in the ranks, men of initiative and courage, are more important than all the generals of high command.

Ideas which find place in the brains of theorists, doctrinaires, and fanatics, in times of crisis secure their true recognition and acceptance. They offer the only way out, for the old time-beaten, conservative and safe methods have failed to serve the required purpose. We have been talking the federation of the world for many years, and now more than ever, with promise that it will come in the near future. We are arriving at a situation in the world's affairs when federation is imperative or the breakdown of civilization will result. It is essential also to the permanent es-

tablishment of peace and democracy throughout the world.

When I was a boy I heard with delight and eager acceptance Tennyson's chanting of the Parliament of man the Federation of the world; and now they seem nearer by many a stage on the way. If what the poet dreamed of has not yet come to pass, it may have been left for this generation to make the vision a fact, and to unite all peoples in one great federation for the common good of mankind.

I look forward with anticipation to the time when the war-drum will beat no longer, and when men will turn their swords into pruning-knives. It may not come in my day, or in that of my children; but I am none the less confident that the day when war will cease is certain to arrive at no distant time. When the energies of men now spent in the conquest of each other will be spent in the conquest of nature and its subjection, as far as possible, to the needs of man, the gain will be great. That battle may be the last of all battles man may need to fight, though it may continue while he remains a denizen of the earth.

To subdue nature, to render fertile every acre of the earth's soil, to make every tree yield fruit, every animal contribute to the welfare of mankind, is what we are to seek in the future. When we set about that task deliberately and with organized skill, aided by the masterly processes of science, we shall undoubtedly succeed. In that battle it will be required that every man and woman shall be equipped and drilled as a soldier, and go forth with fearless courage and indomitable will. We have never yet truly set ourselves to that task, and when we do so we shall find it will require all the battle-skill we can master. No drill for mastery of men, no arming to kill our kind, can equal the equipment and the combination of trained effort demanded in order that nature shall be compelled to yield herself to the needs of mankind. The population of the earth is steadily increasing, and soon we shall be compelled to face in a scientific spirit how we can provide for it food, clothing and shelter. It will be no slight task, nor one that will come to an end with a single campaign. When we face that problem seriously it will require all races and all nations joined in brotherly effort to bring about the results which must be won, in order that mankind may go on with a progressive civilization.

We have also to meet the problem as to how profession and conduct can be reconciled in the ethical life of mankind. We have inherited ethical precepts enough if they could be reduced to practice in the conduct of individuals and nations. We have before us the fact that many individuals live the fraternal life, which most nations as nations are ready to ignore except when their own interests are served. We have before us, also, the fact that communities yet remain largely indifferent to the demands of that kind of training of youth which prepares them to live the socialized or the moralized life. Or is it that we have failed hitherto to utilize in our pedagogic methods those principles which secure the practice of what is taught? Or, it may be, that we have been so intent on individual self-direction that we have not socialized our ethical principles.

The yawning gulf which exists between precept and practice, between ethics and morality, and between profession and conduct, must stagger the faith of all who desire the good man multiplied by all the men and women who live. It is not enough to say that not all are born of such parentage as to insure goodness in all individuals. Then here is another vast problem of the making of a better and wiser parentage. How can all fathers and mothers be made fit to bring worthy children into the world? It is no idle question, but one of the greatest significance for the future.

Not only does the world need to bring war to an end for the sake of humanity, but it needs also to make an end of the conflicts of sects and religions. While one religion thinks itself entitled to enter into conflict with all other religions in order to push its own claims to supremacy, there cannot be peace amongst the nations. In some way and to some degree, perhaps not easily defined, it must be believed that sectarianism is behind the present war, as it is behind most wars. The antagonism of sects and religions is one of the worst and most pernicious of all antagonisms cursing the world today. When all sects pray to God to further their own inhuman purposes, as well as those which are wise and good, and to make successful their selfish and sectarian aims, it is not to be marveled at that many men and women are not zealous in behalf of religion.

In my lifetime I have watched the growth of new sects, and I have watched the attempts to federate the sects on some wider basis than that they had followed hitherto. The growth of new sects in my time has been more rapid than the union of old sects. I have seen the rise and growth of Mormonism, Spiritualism, Christian Science, New Thought, the Salvation Army, Theosophy, Bahaism, and not a few others. All of these sects have found many adherents, bringing into the religious world new antagonisms, and fresh jealousies and hatreds. It may be said for them, however, that they are one and all indications that the older religions have in some manner failed to satisfy the requirements of the new time, that they testify to a growing demand for larger ideas, broader purposes, and new interpretations of the old fundamental concepts of religion.

What I have been most interested in, however, and what I have come to believe is the most remarkable religious development of our time, is the growing recognition that fundamentally all religions are one. The sympathy of religions is a great essential fact, too little recognized as yet, but apparent to all unbiased students of religious history. The coming to us in the last century of a knowledge of all the world's religions from the greatest to the lowliest, the translation into all progressive modern languages of the great bibles of the world, and the enthusiastic study of all these religions and books, has given religion a fresh meaning and a new significance. It has enabled us to know that no one religion has a monopoly of all that is good and true, and it has made it certain that no religion has within its fold all the men who are noble and faithful. Indeed, we have discovered that every religion has its saints and its heroes, that those who lead wise and kindly lives are found the world over, under the forms of every faith that men know.

I have come to think that until there appears a religion which can make all its followers good in their lives and daily conduct, no religion has a right to lord

it over others with its claims of divine truth and revelation. Can there be any other test than the test of human goodness? Revelation is that which reveals life in its highest measure, and since no religion does that for all its followers, it cannot be assumed, it seems to me, that any religion is infallible. Even the very lowest religions produce men and women who are possessed of the noblest virtues. Therefore, so far, they have the merits of those which are the highest.

When the war comes to an end I look for a great revival of human religion, that is, of religion that will be chiefly, if not wholly, concerned with the welfare of human beings. In this sense I believe in a humanist religion, a religion that seeks above everything else for the welfare of mankind. The men who have faced life and death on the great battlefields are not coming back to a religion of ritual and theology. Many of them, at least, are done with traditions and ceremonials. They will care nothing for Christianity as a creed, if it does not wholly work for the abolition of disease, poverty, ignorance and superstition. The acid test for them will not be fine choirs, sermons however good, churches however beautiful, but what makes for life, for the good of all who live, without regard to the beliefs they may profess. What kind of men are you making? What kind of communities are you forming? These are the questions the men from the battlefields are asking, and will more and more ask as the years follow each other in the near future.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

NURSE EDITH CAVELL.

(*Two o'clock the morning of October* 12, 1915.)

To her accustomed eyes
The midnight-morning brought not such a dread
As thrills the chance-awakened head that lies
In trivial sleep on the habitual bed.

'Twas yet some hours ere light;
And many, many, many a break of day
Had she outwatched the dying; but this night
Shortened her vigil was, briefer the way.

By dial of the clock
'Twas day in the dark above her lonely head.
"This day thou shalt be with Me." Ere the cock
Announced that day she met the Immortal Dead.

—*Alice Meynell.*

The Need of a New Ethical Code

It has been said that our deepest need is an international congress to create a body of international law, but I hold that more fundamental still is the need for an ethical code of international relations, because all law is a by-product of ethics, and if the latter be wrong, how can the former be right? We have a striking confirmation of this in the present status of international law, certain articles of which are actually below the best moral thought of our time.

The brute right of conquest still obtains. The conqueror can exact an enormous indemnity from the conquered people, absolutely irrespective of the justice or the injustice of the war, in the first place. Yes, the conqueror can annex the conquered territory, and, what is more, he can annex the people who live in it, regardless of all human rights. I hold, therefore, that prior to all other requisites for the promotion of international peace, must be an ethical code of international relations that shall serve as a supplement to the established code of man-to-man morality. Such a code has not yet been worked out; indeed, it has not been as much as sketched in any of the ethical systems of the great religions.

—*Alfred W. Martin.*

Nietzsche and the Nietzsche Myth*

At the onset of war a British professor declared in surprise: "We have found that the immoralists meant what they said." They had long talked of world-war as a means of world-robbery, but the public, even in Germany, took it for mere vaporing, the re-echo of mediæval heroics, wholly incongruous with our humane and practical age. The British and French had been accustomed to the free speech of anarchists of all grades, but in general their bark was esteemed worse than their bite, and the more vociferous their speech the less dangerous their action.

In a sleepy way the democratic peoples of Europe held this charitable view of the war-makers of Germany as well as of their own. The invasion of Belgium, with its episodes of frightfulness and the intolerable arguments for its justification, was a most awakening blow. It showed indeed that "the immoralists meant what they said," and that the "supreme ideal state" was indeed a mighty entity resident in a moral vacuum.

Then the journalists of the world, believing that human nature is much the same everywhere, began to search for the agents of perversion in Germany. So far as University influences were concerned, it was not hard to identify Professor Heinrich Treitschke of the University of Berlin. Thoroughly convinced of the perfection of Prussian institutions and of the necessity of state discipline and "monarchial order" as the basis of prosperity and freedom, he had proclaimed these doctrines for years with scholarly eloquence, and in a way to command respect if not acquiescence.

When the citizen finds his conscience satisfied with blind submission to dictation from above, at the same time acknowledging himself to be but "a brick in the wall of an edifice he does not see and cannot comprehend," he becomes capable of anything. The greater the docility of the individual, the more reckless when the lid is off. But this was plainly not the whole story. The doctrine of frightfulness found no advocate in Treitschke, and there were other features of Prussian mentality of which the origin remained unexplained.

Another professor, also Prussian by birth, and also with the unpronounceable name of a Slav, was Friedrich Nietzsche. In his writings were found references to the "blond beast," the "superman," the "will to power" and conditions "beyond good and evil." It was assumed that the German mind had undergone its perversion recently, and that these two malignant teachers must bear the responsibility. Leaving Treitschke aside, as having a certain responsibility as an advocate of "monarchial order," we may consider the Nietzsche myth. For myth it was. Nietzsche had no part nor lot in creating the spirit of Prussianism. He held its manifestations in contempt and his own temper was of a very different sort. Yet the Great War has been designated as "Nietzsche in action," and a group of Oxford men who have written of the Euro-Nietzschen war as though Nietzsche on the one hand and European civilization on the other were in deadly conflict.

**Nietzsche the Thinker*, by William Mackintire Salter; Henry Holt and Co.

In support of this view it is claimed that some German soldiers had pocket editions of Nietzsche's *"Also Sprach Zarathustra,"* and a few scattered quotations indicate his faith in the domination of the strong.

To the end that the real Nietzsche might be understood, a distinguished American scholar, Dr. William Mackintire Salter, has given a searching analysis of Nietzsche's writings, with a complete statement of his point of view.

In the first place, Nietzsche had no visible relation to the present war. The war leaders of Germany, for the most part, have never heard of him, and drew the inspiration for their methods from the German war-books, from the pamphlets of the Pangermanists and the traditions of Metternich and Bismarck. It would be as easy and more truthful to say that our Civil War was a product of the philosophy of Emerson. Dr. Salter says: "The war would probably have arisen about as it did and been conducted about as it has been had he never existed; and so far as I can find him touching it in any special way, it is as a diagnostician of the general conditions which appear to have given rise to it, what he calls Europe's system of small states and small politics (in contrast to a united Europe and great politics on which he set his heart)." He spoke of this *"nevrose nationale* with which Europe is sick"; "this sickness and unreason which is the strongest force against culture which exists." For perpetuating this, he finds Germans largely responsible, "and which with the founding of the German Empire passed into a critical state."

"He has changed nothing," says Salter, "whether in thought or public policy, has neither lifted men up nor lowered them, though mistaken images of him may have had occasionally the latter effect, the truth being simply that he is out of most men's ken."

Nietzsche was no leader of the populace, but an original and lonely thinker, without a following. He speaks of himself as an "accident among Germans." "My time," he said, "is not yet; some are posthumously born."

Nietzsche found most wars ignoble, "trade combined with narrow nationalistic aims which inspire them, the people having become like traders who lie in wait to take advantage of one another." The present war he would probably have found not unlike the rest. He held that the warlike instinct in some form or another belonged essentially to human nature as to all advancing life, and that in all probability war in the literal sense would have worthy occasion in the future.

Dr. Salter in his analysis of the utterances of Nietzsche is "far from asserting that we should follow him; I simply mean that we shall know him, ponder over him, perchance grapple with him." "It is not satisfactory that we shold pass him by as a cheap charlatan, responsible for a world catastrophe."

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche was born at Röcken in Prussia on October 15, 1844. His father was a Protestant pastor, his mother a pastor's daughter. He was educated at Bonn and Leipzig, held a professorship in Classical Philology in Basel, resigning at thirty-five, "a broken, tired and prematurely old man." After this, with failing health he spent his winters in Southern France and his summers in the Swiss Engadin. Nine years later (1888) a stroke of paralysis made him helpless until his death in 1900. Naturally vigorous in body, he suffered from an accidental fall, from eye-strains and from drugs. "We all die too young," he said, "from a thousand mistakes and ignorances as to how to act."

In his work, says Dr. Salter, "there is a kind of unworldliness, not in the ordinary, but in a lofty sense," a "revolt against the whole civilized environment in which he was brought up."

"The man of knowledge," he said, "must be able not only to love his enemies, but to hate his friends." He cared little for reputation save among a few; he was not ungenerous, saying toward the end of his life that he had difficulty in citing one case of literary ill-will, though he had been overwhelmed by ignorance. He once said: "A sufferer has no right to pessimism." And again: "A lonely thinker who finds no sympathy or echo for his ideas involuntarily raises the pitch and falls easily into irritated speech."

Written in fragments at a time, on walks or between days of illness, his expressions lack continuity and often consistency. In view of this, it has been denied that Nietzsche is a philosopher at all. He left no systematic treatises, being rather "a poet, a prophet, a master of style." Dr. Salter does not accept this limitation. "Nietzsche reflected on first principles in every department of human interest (excepting perhaps mathematics), though his prime interest is in man or morals." "Professor Höffding is not quite without justification in suggesting that they (his utterances) might not properly be put in the form of a drama or dialogue. He distrusted ideas which came to him while 'sitting down.'" "The venturesome element in life, above all, in a life of thought, only lent it a new charm." "Though at first the large amount of accident and chaos in the world oppressed him, he came to say: 'Dear accident; beautiful chaos.' . . . The mind reaches its acme of power in dealing with uncertainties; it is the weaker sort who want the way assured beyond a doubt." "With the shadow 'lurking only around the corner for most of us—a scepticism as to life's value' he was only too familiar." "He will probaly go down into history as one of the great affirmers of the world. But his joy is ever a warrior's joy—it is never the easy serenity, the unruffled optimism of Emerson."

Perhaps the most noted work of Nietzsche is a collection of sayings which he attributed to a Zoroaster of his creation, entitled: *"Also Sprach Zarathustra."* This essay is a group of epigrams, not always consistent with one another nor with other assertions of Nietzsche; nor, for that matter, with the little we know of the half-legendary Zoroaster. Zoroaster ("Zadusht"; "Zarathushtra") of Bactria, the founder of the Parsee religion, has been described in these terms: "He first thought good thoughts, first spoke good words, first performed good deeds. He was the first priest, first warrior and first cultivator of the soil. He first caused the wheel to turn among gods and among men."

Presumably in his role of "first warrior" he justified the following utterance of Nietzsche in his name: "Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars and the short peace better than the long. I do not advise you to work but to fight. I do not advise you to compromise and make peace, but to conquer. . . . Let your labor be fighting and your peace victory. You

say that a good cause hallows even war. I tell you that a good war hallows every cause." (*"Also Sprach Zarathustra,"* Chapter of Wars and Warriors; quoted by Notestein and Stoll, "Conquest and Kultur.")

In his "Genealogy of Morals," referring to Napoleon, Nietzsche is quoted as saying: "Was that greatest of all antitheses of ideals thereby relegated *ad acta* for all time? Or only postponed, postponed for a long time? May there not take place at some time or other a much more awful, much more carefully prepared flaring up of the old conflagration? Further, should not one wish that consummation with all one's strength, will it oneself, demand it oneself?"

As an offset to these statements (the last hypothetical, the other uttered in the name of the first warrior), we may take the following passages from "The Wanderer":

In this attitude all states face one another today. They presuppose evil intentions on their neighbor's part and good intentions on their own. This hypothesis, however, is an inhuman notion, as bad as and worse than war. Nay! at bottom it is a challenge and motive of war. Foisting, as it does, upon the neighboring state the charge of immorality, and thus provoking hostile intentions and acts. The doctrine of the army as a means of self-defense must be adjured as completely as the lust of conquest.

Perhaps, perhaps, a memorable day will come when a nation, renowed in wars and victories, distinguished by the highest development of military order and intelligence, and accustomed to make the heaviest sacrifice to these objects, will voluntarily exclaim: "We will break our swords," and will destroy its whole military system, lock, stock and barrel. Making ourseves defenseless (after having been the most strongly defended) from a loftiness of sentiment that is the means toward genuine peace, which must always rest upon pacific disposition.

The so-called armed peace that prevails at present in all countries is a sign of a bellicose disposition, of a disposition that trusts neither itself nor its neighbor; and partly from hate, partly from fear, refuses to lay down its weapons.

Better to perish than to hate and fear, and twice as far better to perish than to make oneself hated and feared, this must some day become the supreme maxim of every political community. . . .

The tree of military glory can only be destroyed at one swoop, with one stroke of lightning. But, as you know, lightning comes from the clouds—and from above.

"Few thinkers," says Dr. Salter, "can less safely be judged by single utterances than Nitezsche. In his various criticisms of 'morality' he has in mind 'the social phenomenon going by that term, a social, socially imposed rule of life.' For a 'rule of life of his own making,' conduct ruled by conscience and intelligence, he shows no lack of respect. It is the morality of the grand order which Nietzsche criticizes, rather than the modest utilitarian morality little more than a working program which is most in evidence among scholars today."

Whatever we may say of the warrior-spirit in Nietzsche, it had nothing in common with the attitude of the Kaiser or the schemes of Pangermanism. It is clear that Nietzsche despised Prussianism in all its manifestations. He held scarcely anything in common with Treitschke, the champion of "monarchial order," the philosopher of that form of control of which Bismarck was the working agent. "Bismarck lived Treitschke's politics."

George Brandes speaks of Treitschke's point of view as "aristocratic radicalism," a definition which Nietzsche accepted "as the most intelligent word about him he had ever heard." Dr. Salter thinks that Dr. Höffding's phrase "radical aristocratism" better hits the mark.

Dr. Salter quotes from Dr. Heinrich Weinel, who regards Nietzsche's "philosophy" as "the history of his life." "The important thing in the last instance is not that we refute him, but that we understand him. For to understand him is to overcome him."

Among Nietzsche's political utterances are these:

"Democratic institutions are quarantine stations against the old past of tyrannical ambitions—as such very useful and very tedious." The democratization of Europe seemed to him a sort of necessary medical treatment by which we mark ourselves off from the Middles Ages. "At last we are to get a secure foundation on which the future can build." He would exclude from the suffrage the very poor and the very rich, "the one because they are without independence, the other because they threaten it. They and the party system are the three great foes of independence."

The poor reigning princes! All their rights are turning themselves now unexpectedly into claims and all these claims soon sound like pretensions.

King and emperor are becoming almost ciphers in ordinary times—symbols, ornaments, beautiful superfluities, though on this account they cling the more tenaciously to their destiny as war-lords—and need wars on occasion—exceptional circumstances in which the democratic pressure is interrupted.

He thinks the august disposition lurks everywhere, in the propertyless as well as the propertied, and that the needful thing is not violences, but the greater alteration of men's minds, justice becoming greater and violent instincts weaker on all sides. He considers the remedies of an equal division of property and common ownership and finds them both impracticable. Instead, he urges that avenues to small ownership should be kept wide open and that acquisition of wealth suddenly and without effort should be prevented. The government should overlook "the matter of fact inequalities among men," "much as Christianity overlooks differences in human sinfulness. . . . In the total reckoning all are sinful and need salvation." He does not approve of the lives and pleasures of the present possessing class. Unhappily the workers are bent on aping them, thus becoming "fellow conspirators in the present folly of nations who want before everything to produce as much and become as rich as possible. . . . Ideals of security and comfort are pre-eminently the mark of a commercial age which wants to have everything easy for trade and the state a sort of arm-chair."

Nietzsche admits that war may be desirable in the case of "peoples growing languid and miserable," a sort of brutal remedy, "supposing that they really want to live." "It is a return to barbarism, but also of barbaric strength, a kind of hibernating time for culture, out of which one issues stronger both for good and for evil. . . . On the other hand a people living full and strong has no need of war. Its effect is to make the victors stupid and the vanquished malicious. . . ." He sets down the modern military system as an anachronism, a survival—having for the wheels of present day society only the value of a drag or brake. He suggests, as already quoted, that "a strong victorious people might some day disarm. . . . Voluntarily proclaim, 'We break the sword!' and allow its whole military system down to the last foundation to fall in ruins. To disarm whilst not incapable of arms, from an elevation of sentiment, that is the way to real peace."

Nietzsche recognizes that war is "a state phenomenon and that the continued possibility of it in Europe is bound up with the system of separate states." "He deliberately set himself against the nationalist spirit (or spirits) which has grown ever stronger against the reaction against Napoleon, and calls for a federation of European peoples—a united Europe. . . . The practical outcome of the spreading democratic tendency will be a European federation."

Crude patriotism such as the Romans had is now—when other and higher tasks than *patria* and *honor* await us—either a dishonest thing or else a sign of arrested development. . . . When a people goes forward and grows, it breaks the girdle that gave it hitherto its national appearance. If it stays where it was, becomes stunted, a new girdle fastens itself around its soul. The ever-hardening crust becomes as it were a prison, whose walls never grow. Has then a people much that is fixed, it is a proof that it is ready to petrify and become a monument, as was the case at a certain point of time with ancient Egypt.

Hence, says Nietzsche, "he who wishes well to the Germans will . . . see to it that he more and more grows out beyond that which is German. Turning toward the un-German has ever been the distinguishing mark of the capable among us. . . . To be a good German means to ungermanize oneself . . . The day of Science is to come. . . . It is freedom of spirit that makes history."

Nietzsche said that he had given the Germans "their deepest books—reason enough for the Germans not understanding a word of them." "He feels so foreign to everything German, that the nearness of a German hinders his digestion." "Germans," he said, "have no fingers for us; they have, in general, no fingers, only paws." "One pays dear for being an immortal; one dies several times while one lives." . . . "I am no man. I am dynamite."

He was, he affirms, "an accident among Germans," "who praised manly virtues but despised nationalism." His ideas, says Dr. Salter, "were super-national: he found retrogression in Germany and belabored the empire."

I confront alone an immense problem; it is as if I were lost in a forest, a primeval one. I need disciples; I need a master. It would be so sweet to obey. If I were lost on a mountain, I should obey a man who knew the mountain; sick I should obey a physician. . . . I am alone.

Geothe once summed up his experiences: "'As children, we are sensualists; as lovers we are idealists, who attribute to the loved object qualities which are not really there; then love wavers and before we are aware of it we are sceptics; the remainder of life is indifferent, we will let it go as it will and end as quietists as the Hindu philosophers did also." Nietzsche quotes this: "So speaks Goethe. Was he right? If so, how little reason would there be in becoming as old, as reasonable as Goethe? Rather were it well to learn from the Greeks their judgment on old age, for they hated growing old more than death and wished to die when they felt they were commencing to grow reasonable in that fashion."

In man is creature and creator in one; there is matter, fragment, clay, excrement, unreason, chaos—but also creator, former, the hardness of the hammer, the contemplativeness of a God and the glory of the Seventh Day. . . . Man is something fluid and plastic. We can make of him what we will. . . . A newer and fuller blossoming of the ideal of the teacher in which clergyman, artist, physician, scholar and sage blend into one. . . .

This is my vision which ever comes back to me and I firmly believe that it has lifted a corner of the future's veil.

In his illuminating volume Dr. Salter follows the strands of Nietzsche's thought through all the various intricacies of human relations from its present contradictions to the end. "In this end when as a result of competition and conflict, those really fitted to organize the world had proved themselves and accomplished their work, a different situation would arise and a universal reign of law would seem to be inevitable. I say, 'In the end,' though in fact there might be end beyond end, the work of organization never being perfect, the completely ordered world remaining forever an ideal. In that case struggle and competition would ever and anon arise afresh."

Nietzsche's intellectual career was closed in 1888. The Pangermanist Union for war and domination was founded in 1891, and assumed its menacing character some years later. It is a strange reading of history to ascribe any part of its acts or aggressions to the lonely professor of Classical Philology who held all its methods and purposes which it adopted in utter contempt.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

NEIGHBORS.

Neighbors are not neighborly
  Who close the windows tight,—
Nor those who fix a peeping eye
  For finding things not right.

Let me have faith, is what I pray,
  And let my faith be strong!—
But who am I, is what I say,
  To think my neighbor wrong?

And though my neighbor may deny
  That faith could be so slight,
May call me wrong, yet who am I
  To think my neighbor right?

Perhaps we wisely by and by
  May learn it of each other,
That he is right and so am I—
  And save a lot of bother.

—*Witter Bynner.*

The two tasks of militarism are often at cross purposes. War training demands even more imperatively a continuous growing measure of initiative on the part of the soldier. As a watch-dog of capital the soldier does not require any initiative; he is not allowed to possess it. . . . In short war against the foreign foe requires men; war against the foe at home, slaves, machines. . . . Which of the two opposing interests gets the upper hand depends at a given time on the relation existing between the tension in home and foreign politics. Here we see clearly the potential self-destruction of militarism.

While militarism is generaly recognized in Europe, as the right arm of privilege (the left arm being the State Church). Yet wealth and militarism do not love each other at all, but rather fear and hate each other, for which they have many a reason. They look upon each other . . . only as a necessary evil, for which again they have many a reason.

Militarism is a burden to capitalism itself, but that burden is as firmly installed on the capitalists' back as the mysterious strong old man was on the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor. Capitalism is in need of militarism just as spies are needed in times of war. . . . It may hate militarism but it cannot get along without it.—*Karl Liebknecht.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XV.

The Thought of Death

There is no death; what seems so is transition.—Longfellow.

There is no bit of old mythology, no myth of primitive man that has fastened itself on our imagination and thought more persistently, I might say more perniciously, than the conventional thought of death.

In one way or another every primitive man regards death as the result of some sort of offense given to the ruling power; death as the result of sin. The earliest Hebrew story of death is that of Cain and Abel who both brought their offerings to Jehovah. Cain, a farmer, brought of the fruits of the field. Cain, a herdsman, brought his sacrifice of lambs and bullocks. Abel's sacrifice was pronounced more acceptable than Cain's, whereupon Cain grew jealous and envious and in a passion slew his brother. The avenging voice of God said, "Cain, where is thy brother?" Cain, trying to justify himself, answered, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Thereupon the verdict was pronounced, and successive generations were doomed to death.

The Rev. Allen Walter Gould years ago conducted a class in this year's work at Tower Hill and as a result published "Beginnings, According to Legend and According to the Truer Story." Although twenty-five years old, this is still to be recommended as a rich little book. Here we have the thought of many peoples concerning death.

The Persians tell us that there was no death among men originally. The earth grew in size as fast as mankind increased in numbers, so that there was room enough for all. But when the first man sinned, the earth stopped growing and men began to die. The Chinese, too, were deathless till they brought on death by desiring to eat to be wise. The Africans say that men were created immortal, while the animals were mortal. But when men conducted themselves ill, the animals complained to the Creator of his injustice in making good animals mortal while bad men were immortal. So he took away man's immortality. Another African tribe says it was bathing in forbidden water that brought the doom of death upon all men; while in Madagascar it was eating forbidden fruit that brought death into the world.

Woman's curiosity is the cause of death in many other accounts beside that of the Bible. In Greece it was Pandora's curiosity in opening the forbidden box; and the opening of a similar box brought the same fate upon the Cherokee Indians. In Australia it was an Australian woman's curiosity in going to a forbidden tree. As soon as she reached the tree a great bat flew out of it and people began to die. In the Solomon Islands death came because a woman would insist upon putting on her old skin; for up to that time they had cast off their skin each year, like the serpents, and lived forever.

These explanations command our respect as honest efforts of primitive man to account for an obvious fact. As man became conscious of moral right and wrong he began to explain death as a punishment for his misdeeds.

What does science say about death? We know that death is as inevitable a qualification of existence as birth. Darwin shows that even the elephant, the slowest breeding animal in the world, if allowed to reproduce itself without the interference of death, would in a very short time crowd the earth.

There was a time when nature required neither death nor birth as a condition of growth. Down in the lowest realm of life in the ooze, there were nothing but uni-celled beings. This single cell being at the completion of a certain period divides, each segment continuing its own life, each separating again, life continuing without any death. This is the very lowest type of life and life incapable of growth. But when that being began to develop organs, death came and the law of death became the law of progress and life. Death is the price paid for the wonderful mechanism, the increased efficiency of the human.

It was a long time before man became conscious of his sins and able to recognize the existence of what seemed to him an evil force in the world. The dual conception of the universe is widely spread and represents an advanced stage of development.

The theory of the dual existence was developed from the old Brahmin thought of a besetting, immanent Divinity, capable of distinguishing between good and evil, of ethical conceptions. Krishna, the incarnation of Vishnu, plead with Arjuna, the pure-minded Sir Galahad of Hindu lore, the mortal, to plunge in and fight. Arjuna asked why should he slaughter his cousins and comrades, but the divine Krishna said, "Never mind such scruples. If you kill them they are not dead." This was the conception into which Zoroaster, the fountain head of philosophy and theology, was born 600 B. C. India was beset with gods; the Devas, devils, were emanations from the divine. Zoroaster, the stalwart old prophet of Persia, saw there were too many gods in the world. He said there were but two forces in the world—the benign and the malign, which were forever fighting for possession of the world. He worked out a splendid ethical system with Ahura-Mazda as the force worthy of devotion.

The conquest of Babylon carried the best of the scholars, prophets, poets and rulers of Jerusalem into captivity. Sojourning in Babylon half a century, more or less, under a cultivation far greater than that left behind in the line of autocratic and military government, those Jews went to school. A turn in the administration brought Cyrus, a Persian, as their ruler. He was presumably a monotheist of the Zoroastrian faith and believed not only in a worth while God but in a liberal idea of government. Contrary to the old idea that dangerous peoples must be carried into captivity to be watched, he purposed to enlarge his empire by strengtheninng its borders, extending its lines, hence he allowed the Jews to go back and build up Jerusalem. The Jew, who seems by natural instinct international, while in captivity formulated much lasting Bible treasure, splendid literary material, giving to it a Persian bias. This con-

cept of the dual existence has a clutch upon us more radical than any other in theology and lies at the bottom of most of our Christian handling of death. The haunting sense of evil and death, the thought that there is an almost omnipotent power loose in the world outside of yourself that is after you, is utterly unjustifiable by science or by history.

Much of the new thought would have us believe that if we lived just right and obeyed all divine laws, sometime we might reach that life in which there would be no death. Heaven forfend! The price of immortality here on earth would be stolidity, immobility and stupidity. If there is life there must be growth, and wherever growth is there will be change.

Today let us realize that death is not an enemy. It comes into the world not as a result of blunder. The fear of it should not cloud our lives, wreck our efficiency or interfere with our duties, casting a shadow where it should irradiate.

By illustration we may realize how beautiful in the process of evolution is the law of change, the only condition of the law of progress, and that where there is change there must be dissolution as well as organization.

Huxley speaks of the crayfish as one of the most persistent forms of life. Biologically it is a very early type of life that came to the surface and acquired the habit of living on land or water and has not changed much. It is the only animal that walks backward. The crayfish is a type of the conservative. Immortality on earth means this stationary quality and mortality means the constant chance of new experience, new adventure.

In early art death was sufficiently represented by the skull and cross-bones, but modern art begins to give us a conception of death as a friend.

Daniel French's "Death and the Sculptor" is well known—a marble memorial erected to an artist in a cemetery in Boston, a replica of which is in our Art Institute. The conception is of a young artist at work chipping away at the marble of a half-revealed sphinx in the background. In the young artist is portrayed energy, youth, enthusiasm, creative power, when suddenly his hand is stayed and to his astonishment he sees a stately winged figure standing near. His mallet drops—death has interposed. But death is given a benignant, tender, loving aspect—one who comes as a friend carrying poppies, symbol of sleep.

The cut of a German picture by Alfred Rethel of an old bell ringer in a tower gives another beautiful thought of death. The old man has fallen asleep, has died at his post and a friend, Death, rings the bell in his place so that the multitude below will not miss the signal by which they regulate their lives. In 1886 Mr. Gannett went with me to Wisconsin to bury my father, who had lived well into his eighty-second year. After our return Mr. Gannett found the picture and brought it to me, the bell ringer bearing a striking resemblance to my father. In a few weeks he produced a poem, placing upon it the initials of my father and which makes clear the lesson I would bring to you this morning.

There is a death to be deplored and avoided. The death that comes from our violation of conditions of life. But we cannot all grow to a peaceful, benign and happy old age. Timber in bridges becomes rotten, invisible bacteria circulate and we cannot expect to avoid the consequences of ignorance and violated law in corporate life.

Thus, ever toward man's height of nobleness
Striving some new progression to contrive;
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less
How beautiful it is to be alive.

—*Henry Septimus Sutton.*

References:

Foster, John Burman—The Function of Death in Human Progress. (Pamphlet.)
Jones, Jenkin Lloyd—Death as a Friend. (Pamphlet.)
Tolstoy—What We Live For.
Hugo, Victor—Les Miserables.
Browning—Rabbi Ben Ezra.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was primitive man's first thought of the reason for death?
(2) What reason does Science give for the necessity of death?
(3) Where did the Hebrew find his idea of the two forces in the world?
(4) Name two works of art typifying the higher conception of death.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO YOU.

There's a sweet old story translated for man,
But writ in the long, long ago—
The Gospel according to Mark, Luke and John—
Of Christ and his mission below.

Men read and admire the Gospel of Christ,
With its love so unfailing and true;
But what do they say, and what do they think
Of the Gospel "according to you"?

'Tis a wonderful story, that Gospel of love,
As it shines in the Christ-life divine;
And oh that its truth might be told again
In the story of your life and mine!

Unselfishness mirrors in every scene;
Love blossoms on every sod;
And back from its vision the heart comes to tell
The wonderful goodness of God.

You are writing each day a letter to men,
Take care that the writing is true.
'Tis the only Gospel that some men will read—
That Gospel according to you.

—*Evangelistic Messenger.*

There is in some quarters apparently a great desire to convince a large portion of the public that another large portion is composed of people who are disloyal citizens. Some seem to think that it is proof of patriotism to announce to the world that the United States is filled with traitors. Defamation of their country seems to be the stock in trade of certain agitators. With apparent glee they announce that whole states and even entire sections of the country are permeated with disloyalty. The agent of a security league is sent out to discover what the officers of the league want. He makes hurried trips through the country. He hears a lot of gossip, listens to many who say "they say" and reports that the country is seething with sedition. Why do not these men of little faith in America discover that of all the governments engaged in this war their own has the most united and earnest support on the part of its citizens? Might it not be well for some of these busy fomentors of descension to put a little of their talents into some constructive work for the government. The government has already wasted considerable energy in refuting the stories of poisoned waters and ground glass that the gentlemen have so assiduously circulated.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14 and 15, 1918.

PROGRAM.

Tuesday, May 14.

10:00 a. m. Business Session—
1. Singing of "America."
2. Welcome to Dayton.
3. Address of the President, Professor Morgan Brooks.
4. Report of the Treasurer, Mr. Chas. B. Foote.
5. Report of the Secretary, Rev. Ernest C. Smith.
6. Announcements of Committees.
7. "The Christian Register," Rev. A. C. Dieffenbach.
8. "The Summer Institutes at Chicago," President F. C. Southworth.
9. Introduction of New Business.

12:30 p. m. Luncheon.

2:30 p. m. "Our Unitarian Project"—
1. "Our Project as Revealed by the War," Rev. Chas. E. Snyder, Sioux City, Iowa.
2. "Plans for Effective Mobilization of Our Forces," Rev. Curtis W. Reese, Des Moines, Iowa.
3. Discussion.

8:00 p. m. "Training for Democracy"—
1. "Education and Democracy," Mr. Arthur E. Morgan, Dayton, O.
2. "Religion and Democracy," Rev. Eugene R. Shippen, Detroit, Michigan.

Wednesday, May 15.

10:00 a. m. "Some Influences of the War"—
1. "The Influence of the War on the Concept of God," Rev. Newton Ben Knapp, Davenport, Ia.
2. "The Influence of the War on Denominationalism and on Recruiting the Ministry," Rev. Minot O. Simons, Cleveland, O.
3. Discussion.
4. Closing Business and Election of Officers.

12:30 p. m. Ministers' Luncheon at Rike-Kumler Department Store. Alliance Luncheon at The Dayton Women's Club.

2:30 p. m. Alliance Session.
1. Short Addresses by the State Directors.
2. Address, "Our Part in War Work," Mrs. C. U. Gilson, Holliston, Mass.
3. Discussion.

6:00 p. m. Fellowship Supper at Rike-Kumler's.

8:00 p. m. Mass Meeting in Community Hall.
1. "Free Christianity as a Personal Faith," Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany, Boston, Mass.
2. "Free Christianity and the New World Order," Rev. S. M. Crothers, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.

THE SPIRITUAL SIDE.

"That was the first and only time that the spiritual side of the work had been mentioned at all," a Friend wrote after reading a recent article from France in one of the Friends' papers.

It is queer, if it is true, for the spiritual side of the Friends' work is, after all, the reason for its peculiar success and its peculiar value.

When the American Red Cross does work of agricultural reconstruction, one of its fundamental purposes is to grow more wheat, to save food ships for the Allies, and make the transportation of more American troops possible. Inevitably, working on a big scale, it cannot be so much interested in a poor farmer whose wheat is mostly chaff and whose land is divided into infinitesimal parcels. But the Friends come to their work from a different angle. They are more interested in the individual, in renewing his confidence, his faith in life and its possibilities, than in the number of bushels thrashed. It makes no difference to them whether he owns one acre or one hundred.

"Perhaps in the things we have been writing," said an answer which went back to the Friend in America, "we have not emphasized enough the spiritual side of our work, but thee can be very sure that it is very deep and very real. I had a letter the other day from a boy who had just made a prayer in French at the funeral of an old woman, a Protestant who had lived all her life in a Catholic town, and from the things he didn't say, and some of the things he did say, I had a feeling that he had come very close to the family of that woman. Another boy came in the center of France. For four months he had been in a little cross-roads village up in the Somme, and he knew every child in the village by name, and from some of the stories he told of their good-bye to him I had a feeling that, although he had slated a lot of roofs and put up a lot of rafters, his friendship with those children had left a more lasting impression in Gruny than all the bricks and slates and boards. A few weeks later we had a letter from another man in Gruny telling how the children were still asking after the man whom they had christened Monsieur Victor—no one knew why. Thee can feel sure that the children's stories in French will count for more in that story-bookless country than any other stories that your bookseller ever sold you."

The boy who made the prayer in French was working in the construction camp at Ornans, where the men work all day pushing boards through the sawmill and doing work which seems, as far as any work can lack them, to lack spiritual possibilities, yet even there the boys have come into the life of the town and have made themselves a living, vivid part of it. Their Christmas celebration was witness to their friendship with the children of the town, and every such celebration strengthens the links and opens new possibilities.

It was the man from the cross-roads village in the Somme who came down to Paris one day and told without any realization of the dramatic qualities of his story, how he had spent the previous Sunday afternoon reading "Alice in Wonderland" (*"Alice au Pays des Merveilles"*) to a group of French children.

And the boys at Le Glandier who have brought fresh color into the cheeks of the six hundred lonely children refuged there, by teaching them American games, and enlivening their hours on the playground and playing with them, have probably meant more to those children in a spiritual sense than any number of consciously spiritual advisers could have done—and it would never occur to those boys in writing home to speak of their work as "spiritual."

The girl who is living with a dozen old women at Charmont probably doesn't write home about the spiritual side of her work, any more than the women who have cared for little refugees in the children's home at Bettancourt, but anyone who has seen those children, squatted about their low benches for the noon meal, look up and break into smiles when one of the Friends comes in, can guess something of what those women have meant in the children's lives.

There is a boy at Troyes whose job consists of riding about and escorting furniture to refugee families, taking it, in parts, up the narrow stairs, or sending it up by a pulley and in through the window, where the doors are too small. It doesn't sound spiritual, but that one man can tell you the intimate life stories of hundreds of families,—such stories as are told only to a man who is felt to be in a very intimate sense a family friend.

Spiritual? Well, perhaps the letters home don't use that word, but the impelling motive behind all of the Friends' service is a deeply spiritual one.

Lewis S. Gannett.
Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.

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